A SECOND
APOLOGY,
DEDICATED to
All True Patriots;

And ADDRESS'D to

The Author of a PAMPHLET,

LATELY PUBLISHED,

ENTITLED

A LETTER, &c.

BIBLIOTECA REGIA MONACENSIS

Apertius Audi.——

LONDON:

Printed for R. RICHARDS, in Holborn, and Sold by the Booksellers, in Town and Country.

MDCCLV.

2.

(Price ONE SHILLING.)

TO ALL

TRUE PATRIOTS, &c.

DEAREST FRIENDS,

MY Character has been ſo ſufficientIy expoſed, and the Facts alledged againſt Me, ſo well atteſted, that I am inclined to believe you can no longer doubt of my INIQUITY. At firſt Sight of a Pamphlet lately publiſh'd, entitled a LETTER, &c. I acknowledge I was amaz'd to find myſelf detected, but however as I knew I was endued with a good Aſſurance, Fluency of Language, and a happy Invention, I prepared to reply, but after having made the Attempt, I found my PIA MATER *too much diſturb'd*, to produce any Thing worthy of one who had gain'd

ſuch

ſuch *Reputation as an Author*; in ſhort what I wrote contain'd Falſities too groſs to be believed, Scandal too flagrant to paſs *unpuniſhed*, I therefore threw it by among *thoſe Reams of Slander*, which I have ready to diſcharge as any Occaſion may offer. A ſudden Qualm of Conſcience (for even the moſt abandon'd have their thoughtful Minutes) took me; I read the LETTER again and trembled to find I had ſo powerful an Adverſary. In the midſt of this Qualm I penn'd the following Lines, and ſent them immediately to the Preſs, leſt *I ſhou'd come to myſelf again*, and ſtop the Publication: Perhaps even now, when my ſerious Fit is over, I may deny this Work and make a Reply to the LETTER, agreeable to my firſt Intention: I hope not; but there is no accounting for the Whims of Old Age: However, while I am in my Senſes, it may not be improper to prevent the Miſchief of a Mad Fit. I muſt therefore intreat the Public, that if I ſhou'd here-

after

after diſavow this Recantation, that they will not credit ſuch a Diſavowal; and I muſt beg the Favour of thoſe Three Gentlemen, whoſe Characters I have given a vile and unjuſt Repreſentation of, but whoſe Real Worth is too well known to admit of any Diminution from my loathſome Pen, to look upon any freſh Abuſe I may beſpatter them with, only as the Ravings of a Madman, and aſſign the Author a convenient Apartment in *Moor-Fields*.

I muſt add a few Words more--------I muſt declare to thoſe, whoſe Education ought to have been my peculiar Care, that as their Conduct hitherto has been influenc'd by my wretched Example, I hope they will join with me in abjuring thoſe horrid Principles, which not only render us odious to the better Part of Society, but if continued, will ſooner or later be productive of the worſt of Conſequences.

AND if my Advice wou'd be at all regarded by the true Patriots in *O----d------e*; I mean ſuch whoſe Behaviour is comformable *to thoſe Principles I always profeſs'd*, I wou'd freely give it in one Word, REPENTANCE. I wou'd particularly recommend it to thoſe whoſe Zeal for A DISLOYAL PARTY, induced them on a late Occaſion, not only to be guilty of the moſt vile and iniquitous Slanders, but actually to perjure themſelves in Support of it, which Fact is now render'd indiſputable, by the Determination of AN HONOURABLE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

I AM

GENTLEMEN, &c.

D——— K———

An Addreſs to the AUTHOR of a PAMPHLET lately publiſh'd, entitled a LETTER, &c.

EXCUSE me, Sir, if once again,
Not yet forbid, I take my Pen;
The ſmall Remains of Life I have
Shall yet prepare me for the Grave.
The ſad Remembrance of my Crimes,
Might tend to injure future Times;
Then grant me Gods this pious Prayer,
May all my Sins be buried *there*.
Confeſſion I've been taught to own,
For paſt Offences may atone;

I've taken Sir this Reſolution,
To tell my Sins *ſans* Diminution,
Then give, O give your Abſolution.

APOLOGIES throughout the Nation,
Have lately been the height of Faſhion,
Ne'er mind a Fault be what it will,
Apologies make all things ſtill.
Cenſured, accuſed (tho' juſtly too)
My Part was to defend I knew,
My Cauſe was bad and wanted Skill,
And that you know I have at Will:
Howe'er 'twas not my Part alone,
To raiſe myſelf, but pull you down;
To this Intent I rack'd my Brains,
For thoſe Invectives it contains.
I found that Truth wou'd not ſuffice,
I therefore ſet to hatching Lies;
And by my Skill I juſtly claim,
The GRAND INVENTOR for my Name.

I ſumm'd

I ſumm'd up what would be of uſe,
And mingled Falſities, Abuſe;
And then (forgive!) to finiſh all,
I dipp'd *my Pen in* venom'd *Gall.*
I wrote--------but what I need not tell,
Each Line, each Word, you know too well.
Then to adorn the Title Page,
I ſought for ſome great Perſonage;
My kindly Genius whiſper'd me,
Write D------- K------'s APOLOGY.

My Crimes are great, but were they greater,
I'd charge them on my *Alma-Mater*:
She kept me always by her Side,
And fed my Vanity and Pride;
Whoſe Seeds at firſt were ſtrong implanted,
And Nouriſhment was all they wanted.
I ſpoke, laugh'd, walk'd with ſuch a Grace,
I met Reſpect in every Place.
My foſter Brothers heighten'd Fame,
And idoliz'd my very Name.

Whene'er I ſpoke it was THE THING,
No ORATOR ſo great as *K*——
Prejudice at laſt was grown ſo ſtrong,
Whate'er *I* did cou'd not be wrong.
If e'er (for, well you know the Reaſon,
I never paſs the *Verge of Treaſon*)
If e'er I give a private Slice
Of ſtern *Rebellion* in Diſguiſe,
If I defame the *Higheſt Stations*,
If I declaim 'gainſt *Uſurpations*,
If I oppoſe each *Rule of State*,
Shew whom I love, ſhew whom I hate,
I gain my Point in every Line,
Their Thoughts are juſt the ſame as mine:
If e'er in *Punning* (not to mince
The Matter) I ſhou'd praiſe the P——
The Youths commend my Noble Soul
While, REDEAT, REDEAT, crowns the whole.
Applauſes ſpoke my fancied Worth,
I thought myſelf a GOD on Earth.

No Wonder then, puff'd up with Pride,
On my own Strength I ſhou'd confide,
I bragg'd my "*virtuous Education*",
Add my "*eſtabliſhed Reputation*";
My "*Patrimony*" not forgot,
My "*Honour*", "*Honeſty*", what not?
Such Confidence muſt be allow'd,
To think its own Production good;
I own'd 'twas ſmart, and little thought
Twou'd meet the Uſage which it ought;
I thought no Pen wou'd dare to anſwer,
But woe to me I find you can, Sir:
You have——I thought myſelf much better,
But owe Conviction to your Letter;
Thoſe Accuſations I ſtill rue,
But muſt confeſs they all are true;
And was a Window in my Breaſt,
You'd ſhudder ſtill to ſee the reſt;
With Subtilty ſpy all you can,
As yet you know but half the Man.

For

For Sir, moſt of my Accuſations
Employ'd my Midnight Lucubrations;
I penn'd thoſe *Stanza's*, that none knew Sir,
And then commenc'd my own Accuſer,
This was an artful Trick of State,
Only that I might vindicate;
I brought no Faults there in diſpute,
But what I knew I cou'd confute;
My Drift is plain, you take the Hint,
I wanted to appear in Print;
I long'd to ſatirize the Good,
And vent my Spleen in angry Mood.
I wrote againſt myſelf, that thence,
I might appear in *Self-defence*;
Thereby I thought to rave, upbraid
My Foes for Lies they never made;
To raiſe my Reputation higher,
But little thought they'd know THE LIAR.

I AM

I AM accuſed by you it ſeems,
Of having utter'd *filthy Dreams*,
And tho' it was an impious Act,
I muſt confeſs the Thing was Fact;
The Recollection gives me Pain,
I wiſh the Copy in again.
Leſt future Ages ſhou'd agree,
To ſtigmatize the Dreams and me.
One Favour of the *Court* I want,
And that I hope they ſtill will grant;
To make a rigid Prohibition,
To ſtop the Printer's next Edition.

AT length my Vanities ſubſide,
A *Guilty Conſcience* checks my Pride;
Dejected now I ceaſe to *boaſt*,
And tremble for *the* injured *Toaſt*.
Myra, forgive! thou ev'ry Charm,
My feeble Pen cou'd do no harm:
But if, by way of Recompence,
I had or *Genius* or *good Senſe*,

I'd ſing the lovely *Myra's* Praiſe,
Her *Worth* wou'd animate the Lays:
But Praiſe from me is Defamation,
And Scandal Praiſe throughout the Nation;
So that to celebrate the Toaſt!
When I defam'd, I did it moſt.

Oaths of Allegiance to my K——
I always thought a trifling thing;
Was that his Rock, 'twou'd ſoon be ſhaken,
They're often broke as ſoon as taken:
For what is rare is highly priz'd,
But what is common is deſpiſed.
This was my Maxim when I ſwore,
I kiſs'd the Book then thought it o'er;
I do declare in all my Time,
I thought ſuch Perjury no Crime.
I now (tho' late) reflect with Terror,
On that ſtrange prevailing Error.

Tho' Truth! I never enter'd hearty
Into the Schemes of any Party,
Or *G——ge* or *J——s* alike to me,
That pleaſed, which ſooth'd my Vanity.
Under this *G--v--rnm--nt* I own
I've ſought Preferment, but had none;
And then zealous in *Ch--rly's* Cauſe,
Tho' nothing elſe, I gain'd Applauſe:
Then, think you, which infus'd moſt Pleaſure,
To be neglected beyond Meaſure,
Or be eſteem'd *a learned Treaſure!*
'Twas Diſappointment, Frowns and Slight
That made me firſt a *Jac——ite*;
And what confirm'd me was I vow,
Th' Applauſe PALLADIANS did beſtow.
Howe'er to ſhew I'm penitent,
I here declare I do repent;
I think a Sacred Obligation,
Shou'd bind all Men in every Station.

And he who ſwears——becauſe he muſt,
And breaks his Oath——he is unjuſt;
Reſembling much the Thing in vogue,
He is like me a (perjur'd) R——

I own I've been in mighty Panic,
E'er ſince I ſnarl'd at *low Mechanic*;
Whene'er it happens that I roam,
And ſeek Acquaintance far from home;
Each Leathern Apron that I meet,
Threatens Deſtruction in the Street;
Forgive each Youth of *real* worth,
Whoſe Virtue far exceeds your Birth.
Forgive the ſad Effects of Pride,
Such groundleſs Cenſure can't deride:
Old Age cries "*Mercy*" in each Nerve,
Avert the Vengeance I deſerve.

In Court or Cottage all the ſame,
Actions alike we praiſe or blame;

For what can e'er enhance Diſgrace,
Will do the ſame in every Place;
We all are Men alike endow'd,
And what to one, to all's allow'd.
Here *Cræſus* has a golden Store,
And there *Lothario* very Poor;
Yet both enjoy an equal Station,
As Men, in Point of the Creation.
Such Riches which ne'er reach the Mind,
Extrinſic Accidents we find;
Nor Good nor Harm from them accrue,
To thoſe who have A NAME in view.
Then hear it all ye impious Clan,
TRUE VIRTUE CONSECRATES THE MAN.

BUT now, dear Sir, for Illuſtration,
Let's ſee true Worth and Reputation;
Let's judge more home by our own Days,
What merits Obloquy, what Praiſe.

MEZENTIUS! in his youthful Days,
A *Patrimony* all his Praiſe;
Not gain'd by Labour, but by Chance,
The Product of Inheritance:
The Sweets of Honour his Averſion;
His Joy a riotous Excurſion:
D--ſl--y--ty his only Boaſt,
He ſpurns what ought to bind him moſt:
In Age advanc'd, his Vice the ſame,
But now ambitious for a NAME;
And what his *Conduct* ſtill denies
Prodigious Vanity ſupplies:
Endued with much Impertinence,
A little Learning, and leſs Senſe;
Careſs'd by ſome------- a thoughtleſs few,
And thoſe *diſl---y----l* Minions too;
Unworthy Truſt in Peace or War,
He firſt commenc'd an ORATOR:
As ſuch he ſent *R--b--llion* round,
And ſow'd the Seeds in fertile Ground;

A graceful Manner gains Attention,
When ſeconded by great Invention;
The Audience ſoon Admirers grown,
Receiv'd *his* Notions as *their own.*
In Old Age worſe! with Strength decay'd,
He occupies his former Trade;
When, his Abilities reſtrain'd,
His Will to Sin as yet remain'd:
His Actions ſhew what he *has been,*
For what he *is* conſult *within,*
You'll little find but what's *obſcene.*

Each publick Speech, each Declamation
Abounds with *Tr---ſ--n, Defamation:*
The beſt of Men, the beſt of Kings;
The beſt of Writings, *Sacred Things:*
The beſt of Laws ſupply the Matter,
Whilſt vile *Mezentius* pens the Satire.
Deſpis'd by all on every Side,
The only Comfort left his *Pride.*

No ſingle *Virtue* chears his Soul,
But *horrid Vice* o'erſpreads the Whole;
In ſhort, the Wretch is (all agree)
A NUISANCE TO SOCIETY.

BUT view *Villario*'s noble Mind,
The beſt, the worthieſt of Mankind;
Whoſe Infancy employ'd the Care
Of (what he boaſts) an honeſt Pair;
Whoſe early Youth betray'd a Bent,
Which juſtly claim'd Encouragement.
There were who real Worth eſpied,
And gave what Fortune had denied:
His ſwift Advances into Man,
Compleated what his Youth began:
His *Patrons* cou'd not but regard,
Reflected Honour their *Reward*.
His Learning *much*, his Virtue *more*,
He *envies* not the greateſt *Store*,
Nor yet *diſdains* the lowly *Poor*.

True to his KING and Country's Cauſe,
His Right maintains, obſerves *her* Laws:
In ſhort his gen'rous Soul's endued
WITH ALL THAT'S GREAT, WITH ALL THAT'S GOOD.

FORGIVE me, Sir, this long Digreſſion,
I own 'tis foreign to Confeſſion,
Yet as it ſhews that real Worth
Depends on Honeſty, not Birth;
It may encourage humble Bards,
And pluck from *Pride* uſurp'd Rewards.
Villario's real Worth defies,
The Meanneſs of defaming *Lies*;
O may his good Example lead
Each Youth to ev'ry virtuous Deed;
The World how bleſs'd, were all Men ſuch,
But one *Mezentius* is too much.
Survey the Characters once more,
The Merits too of both explore;

For tho' fictitious, when design'd,
You may their just Resemblance find:
This my own *Conscience* bid me claim;
For *that* consult the Voice of Fame.

F I N I S.